

Favorite Storybook



A RAND McNALLY FAVORITE BOOK

The Rand McNally
Favorite Storybook



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

Established 1856



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CINDERELLA

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ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little girl whose dear mother died, and whose father married for his second wife the proudest and unkindest woman that ever was seen. She had two daughters who were exactly like her in every way. The little girl, however, was all sweetness and goodness.

The new wife could not bear the gentleness of the little girl because it made the sharp voices

and selfish ways of her own daughters seem more hateful, and she put her to doing the hardest work in the house.

When the little girl's work was done, she used to cuddle down in the chimney corner in the ashes and cinders to keep warm. For this reason she was called Cinderella. And in spite of her ragged clothes, she was a hundred times prettier than her sisters in their elegant dresses.





One day the King's son gave a ball. Of course Cinderella's sisters were invited, because with their airs and graces they were very fine ladies indeed.

At last the happy evening arrived. The two sisters made ready for the ball. After their carriage left, Cinderella burst into tears.

Suddenly her godmother stood before her and asked what the trouble was.

“I want—I want,” sobbed poor Cinderella, but the tears came so fast she could say nothing more.

“Do you wish you might go to the ball?”

“Yes,” said Cinderella, with a deep sigh.

“Well, then,” said her godmother, “I will see that you go. Run out into the garden and bring me a pumpkin.”



Cinderella did not see what on earth a pumpkin could have to do with her going to the ball, but she ran quickly, chose the biggest pumpkin on the vines, and carried it to her godmother.

Her godmother touched it lightly with her ivory staff, and the pumpkin was changed into a splendid gilded coach.



Then she went and looked into the mouse trap, where she found six live mice. She told Cinderella to lift the door of the trap just a little, and as each mouse ran out she tapped it lightly with her staff, and at once it became a spirited steed. Altogether, they soon had a fine turnout of six prancing mouse-gray horses in bright, jingling harness.





But what to do for a coachman?

“I will go and see if there are not some rats in the rat trap,” cried Cinderella. “We might make a coachman out of one of them!”

“Good!” said her godmother. “Run and see.”

So Cinderella brought the rat trap. In it there were three big rats. The fairy chose the plumpest one with the longest whiskers, and changed him into a jolly fat coachman with the finest sweeping mustaches you ever saw.

Then the godmother said:

“Go into the garden and bring me the six lizards you will find behind the watering pot.”

Cinderella had no sooner brought the lizards than her godmother changed them into six footmen. They jumped up behind the coach and sat there as stiff and straight in their gold-braided uniforms as if they had done nothing else all their lives. Then the fairy said:

“Now you have all you need to take you to the ball. Are you not happy?”

“Yes,” faltered Cinderella, “but how can I go in these ragged clothes?”

The godmother just touched her with her staff, which was really a fairy wand, and in a moment



the rags were changed to a dress of gold and silver tissue embroidered with precious stones. And on Cinderella's feet was a pair of glass slippers, the most graceful little slippers in this world.

Cinderella climbed into her gilded coach, the chubby coachman cracked his whip, but before the fiery horses had sprung forward, her god-mother said to her:



“Remember, my child, you must not stay one minute after midnight. For if you do, your coach will change back to a pumpkin, your horses will be mice, your coachman a rat, your footmen lizards, and your beautiful gown the same old clothes you wore before.”

The King's son, when he heard that a beautiful Princess whom no one knew, had come, ran down the steps to meet her. He gave her his hand as she alighted from the carriage and led her into the ballroom.

The young Prince led Cinderella to the seat of honor and begged for the next dance. She danced so gracefully that everyone admired her more than ever. When supper was served, the young Prince ate nothing, because he could not take his eyes off Cinderella, who seated herself near her sisters and shared with them the fruit and sweetmeats which the Prince gave her. They were very much surprised at such kindness from this great and gracious lady.





The Prince stayed close beside her and whispered love words into her ear. Cinderella was so happy she quite forgot what her godmother had told her. When the first stroke of midnight sounded, she was sure it could not be later than eleven. But when she found it was really twelve, she sprang up and ran out of the ballroom like a startled deer.

The Prince hurried after her, but he could not overtake those flying feet. As she ran, Cinderella dropped one of her glass slippers, and this the Prince picked up most carefully.

Cinderella reached home all out of breath, without coach, without footmen, in the same sooty, ragged clothes she wore every day. All she had left of her finery was one little glass slipper.



When the two sisters returned from the ball, they told Cinderella about the beautiful lady who had been there. “But,” they said, “as the clock struck twelve, she ran away so fast that she dropped one of her little glass slippers. The King’s son found it, and all the rest of the evening he did nothing but look at it.”





What they said was true. A few days later the Prince's messenger rode through the streets and blew a great blast on his long silver trumpet. Then he cried in a loud voice that the King's son would marry the maiden who could wear the glass slipper.

The slipper was tried first on the princesses,



then on the duchesses and court ladies, but it fitted no one. Finally it was carried to Cinderella's home and tried on the two sisters. Each did her best to squeeze her foot into it, but it was far too small.

Cinderella, who had been watching them and who knew her slipper, said with a smile:



“What if I were to try?”

Her sisters began to jeer at her, but the King’s herald turned and looked at her closely. He saw even through the soot that she was beautiful and declared it was only right that she, too, should try on the slipper. He knelt and held the little slipper to her foot, and it fitted her like wax.

The sisters gasped with amazement, but they were even more surprised when Cinderella took the other slipper from her pocket and slipped it on her other foot. No sooner had she done this than her godmother appeared. She touched Cinderella with her wand, and there stood the Princess who had gone to the ball, but even more richly dressed than before. When the two sisters saw that it was really Cinderella who stood before them, they fell on their knees and begged her to forgive them. She lifted them up, kissed them, forgave them, and begged them to love her always.

She was led to the Prince, who thought her lovelier than ever and they were married soon after. And then because Cinderella was as good as she was pretty, she took her sisters with her to the palace, and there, after their tempers and manners had improved, she married them to two fine gentlemen of the court.





Rumpelstiltskin

Illustrated by ELIZABETH WEBBE

RAND McNALLY
& COMPANY

CHICAGO

Established 1856





ONCE THERE WAS a poor miller who had a beautiful daughter of whom he was very proud. One day he foolishly told the King his daughter could spin gold out of straw. The King loved gold above everything else, and he commanded that the maiden be brought to the castle.



When she arrived she was led to a large room half-full of straw. She was placed before a spinning wheel. The King said to her, "If all this straw is not spun into gold by morning, you shall die." He went out, and locked the door behind him with a huge key.

The poor girl sat down in a corner of the room and began to cry. She knew that she could not spin straw into gold.

Suddenly the door opened just a crack and a strange little man squeezed into the room.

“Good day, miller’s daughter,” he said. “What are you crying about?”





“Ah, me!” she sobbed, “I must die on the morrow, for I know not how to spin this heap of straw into gold.”

“What will you give me if I spin it for you?” asked the little man.

“This necklace I am wearing,” replied the maiden.



The little man agreed and, sitting down at the wheel, spun it around merrily—*whirr, whirr, whirr*. By morning the straw was gone and in its place was the gold. Then he twisted the necklace twice around his waist, and left as silently as he had come in.

When the King came next morning, he was pleased to see the gold, but he wanted more. He led the girl to a larger room, two-thirds full of straw, and ordered her to spin it all into gold before sunrise.



And again the maiden began to cry, and again the little man slipped through the crack of the door and said, "What will you give me, miller's daughter, to spin your straw into gold?"

"This ring on my finger," she replied.





So the droll little man set the wheel whirring again, twice as fast as before, and by daylight the straw was all spun into gold. Then he put on the ring and was gone.



The King came at dawn and was delighted to see the store of gold, yet his greedy heart was not satisfied. He took the miller's daughter into a vast chamber packed to the ceiling with straw. "Spin all this straw into gold this night," he said, "and tomorrow you shall be my queen."



As soon as the maid was alone, the queer little man appeared again and said to her, “Now what shall I have this time for my labor?”

“I have nothing more to give you,” sighed the maiden.

“Then promise me your first child after you become queen,” said the little man.

The maiden knew no other way out of her trouble, and promised to do what was asked.

That night the wheel whirred thrice as fast as before, and when the sun shone into the chamber, all the straw was gold.





The King was delighted to find all the straw spun into gold and, as he had promised, that very day he made the miller's daughter his queen.

At the birth of her first child the Queen was overjoyed. She had quite forgotten the queer little man until the day he slipped into her chamber and said, "Where is the child you promised me for spinning the King's straw into gold?"



The Queen wept bitterly and begged him not to take her baby. At last his odd little heart softened and he said, "I will give you three days to guess my name. If you can do it, you may keep the child." Then he slipped out of the room as quickly as he had come in.



The next day when the little man came, the Queen gave him the names of all the kings and princes that she could think of. But to all of them he gleefully answered, “Ho, ho! No, no, my Royal Dame! That’s not my name! That’s not my name!”





The next day the Queen sent messengers throughout the kingdom to collect all the curious names of poor folk. And when the little man skipped in, she began with Cow-ribs, Bandy-legs, Spindle-shanks, Snub-nose, and so on. But to all of them the little man shouted, "That's not my name!"

The third day the last of the messengers came back and said, "Forgive me, sorrowful Queen. I could find no new name but one. Yesterday, as I was passing through a strange wood, where foxes and hares say good-night to each other, I saw a small hut and in the doorway a funny little man sang this song,

" 'Today I bake, tomorrow I brew,
Today for one, tomorrow for two.
For how should she learn, poor Royal Dame,
That Rumpelstiltskin is my name?' "

When the Queen heard this, she knew the singer must have been her little gold-spinner.







At sunset the little man came skipping in and said, "Tell me my name if you can."

"Is it Hans?" she teased.

"No."

"Well, then, can it be Rumpelstiltskin?"

“The fairies have told you! The fairies have told you!” shrieked the little man in a rage, and he stamped his right foot so deep down through the floor that he could not pull it out. Becoming more angry still, he laid hold of his left foot with both hands and jerked so hard that he split himself in two, for he was really made of gingerbread, as are all Rumpelstiltskins.









Sleeping Beauty

Illustrated by

ELIZABETH WEBBE

RAND McNALLY
& COMPANY

Established 1856





ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a King and Queen who had long wished for a child. And when one day a sweet daughter was born to them the King was so happy that he gave a great christening



feast. As godmothers for his little daughter he asked the seven good fairies in the kingdom. The one bad-tempered fairy was not invited.

After the christening there was a splendid feast. Before each fairy was placed an emerald plate, like a clover leaf, set with diamond dew-drops. Suddenly the one uninvited fairy rode into the hall on a dragonfly, muttering threats.

Now the fairies, as was their custom, began to give their gifts to the Princess. The youngest gave her beauty; the next wit; the third, grace; the fourth, virtue; the fifth, a lovely voice; the sixth, a smile to win all hearts.





Then the uninvited, bad-tempered fairy cried out, "The King's daughter in her rosebud youth shall prick her hand with a spindle, and fall down dead!"

Everybody started to cry out, but then the seventh fairy popped up from behind the cradle and said, “Be comforted, O King and Queen! My gift is still to come. I cannot undo entirely what this unkind fairy has done.



“Your daughter will prick her hand with the spindle, but instead of dying she will sink into a deep sleep which will last a hundred years. From that sleep, when her dream is over, a king’s son shall waken her.”





Yet the King hoped to save his dear child from the threatened evil. He had his heralds proclaim that no one in all the country should have a spindle in the house.

One day when the Princess was fifteen years old, she went roaming about the palace, exploring one room after another. At last she came to a little room at the top of the tower. There an old woman sat busily spinning, as she had never heard of the King's proclamation.



“Good day, Granny!” said the Princess. “What are you doing?”

“I am spinning, my pretty lass,” said the old woman. “Would you like to try it?”

“Oh, yes,” the Princess cried. But when she caught at the whirling spindle it pricked her hand. She fell back in a faint.

The old woman, greatly alarmed, cried for help. People came running from all sides.





The King and Queen knew at once the fairy's evil wish had been fulfilled. They had the Princess carried to a room deep in the heart of the palace, and laid on a bed decked with green and gold covers. The King sadly commanded that she be left to sleep in peace until the hour of her awakening had come to pass.



Now the wise fairy, whose quick wit had saved the life of the Princess, knew what had happened and came at once in her swan chariot. She touched with her wand everything and everybody about the palace, except the King and the Queen. She touched the governesses and the ladies



in waiting, the gentlemen, the officers, the stewards, cooks, guards, and pages.

As she touched them, they all fell asleep, not to waken until their mistress should wake, and need them to attend her.

The King and Queen kissed their daughter, and left the hushed palace. The King issued a new proclamation, forbidding anyone to approach its gates. But such laws were not needed, for





soon a hedge of thorny shrubs grew around the palace grounds. They became so thick and high that neither beast nor man could force a way through. The castle itself was hidden. Only the top of the tower could be seen from a distance.



On the day that the hundred years ended, the son of the king then reigning was a-hunting and spied the tower beyond the forest. He asked what it was. An old peasant told him the legend of the sleeping princess and of the king's son who was to waken her. From the way the Prince's heart began

beating, he felt certain that the peasant spoke the truth. He knew that he was the king's son who was to waken the princess. He set out at once. The great trees and thorns opened of their own accord to let him pass. And at last the castle stood before him.



He entered the courtyard and saw men and animals in deep slumber. The Prince crossed the court and mounted the stairs.

On he went to the very heart of the palace where, in a beautiful room of gold, he saw the loveliest sight in the world—a sleeping princess,





so fair she seemed an angel. He fell on his knees beside her and kissed her lovely cheek.

The Princess opened her eyes, smiled and said, "Is it you, my Prince? I have waited long."

They talked for hours and still had not said half that was in their hearts to say. Meanwhile,



everything in the palace waked with the Princess, and everyone took up his task just where he had left it. At nightfall a lady in waiting curtsied to the Princess and announced the wedding feast. Then the king's son led his bride to the royal chapel, where they were married.

The next morning the bridegroom and bride

left the palace and passed through the dark forest into the bright sunshine of the world beyond. And when the Princess turned to look at the castle where she had slept so many years, *behold*, castle and forest had vanished.

So the Princess rode with her Prince to his father's court, and there they lived a life as happy as her dream.





The Elves and The Shoemaker



Illustrated by MANNING DE V. LEE

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY · CHICAGO



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THERE was once a Shoemaker who, through no fault of his own, had become so poor that he had only enough leather left for one pair of shoes.

In the evening he cut out the leather,
intending to make it up in the morning.
Then he said his prayers and lay quietly
down to sleep.





In the morning he sat down to work, but behold, the pair of shoes was already made, and there they stood upon the table. The poor man was amazed and



took the shoes into his hand to look at them more closely. They were so neatly sewn that not a stitch was out of place, as if they had been made for a prize.



Presently a customer came in, and as he was very pleased with the shoes, he paid more than was usual. With the money the Shoemaker was now able to buy leather for two pairs of shoes.

By evening he had his leather shaped out. When he arose the next morning he was ready to work with fresh spirit. But just as before, the shoes were standing finished on his table.



He did not want for buyers either. Two men came in who paid him so well that he bought material for four more pairs of shoes.

Early the next morning he found the





four pairs finished, and so it continued. What he cut out at evening was finished in the morning. This went on until the Shoemaker was soon a well-to-do man.



One evening, not long before Christmas, when he had cut out the usual quantity he said to his wife, "How would it be if we stayed up tonight to see who

it is that helps us so kindly?" His wife was willing, and lighted a candle. Then they hid themselves behind some clothes hanging in a corner of the room.



As soon as it was midnight two little elves came in and sat down on the Shoemaker's table. They picked up the cut-out leather and began stitching, sewing, and



hammering so swiftly and lightly that the Shoemaker could not believe his eyes. They did not stop until the shoes were finished. Then they ran swiftly away.





The following morning the wife said, "The little elves have made us rich, and we must show our gratitude. They have very little clothing and must be cold. I

will make a little shirt, coat, waistcoat, and trousers, and knit some stockings for each. And you shall make them each a pair of shoes.”







The husband agreed and one evening, when all was ready, instead of cut-out leather they left the presents on the table. Then they hid to watch the results.

At midnight the elves came in, skipping about and eager to go to work. When they saw no leather, but the charming little clothes, they were astonished and delighted. They quickly put on their new outfits and, smoothing them down sang,

“Smart and natty boys are we,
Shoemakers we’ll no longer be.”







And so they went on hopping and jumping over the stools and chairs, and at last out of the door. They did not come again, but the Shoemaker fared well in all he undertook, and lived happily to the end of his days.

